



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

FITZGERALD'S ODE TO HIS SHIP.

TRANSLATED BY MISS BROOKE.

MISS BROOKE tells us that this Ode was written by a gentleman of the name of Fitzgerald, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, as appears from some passages in other pieces composed by the same author. The subject of it is a voyage to Spain. Let the classic reader compare it with the third ode of Horace, and say how far short the Irish poet falls of the majesty of the Roman one.

Bless my good ship, protecting pow'r of grace!
And o'er the winds, the waves, the destin'd coast,
Breathe benign spirit!—Let thy radiant host
Spread their angelic shields!
Before us, the bright bulwark let them place,
And fly beside us, through their azure fields!

O calm the voice of winter's storm!
Rule the wrath of angry seas!
The fury of the rending blast appease,
Nor let its rage fair ocean's face deform!
O check the biting wind of spring,
And, from before our course,
Arrest the fury of its wing,
And terrors of its force!
So may be safely pass the dang'rous cape,
And from the perils of the deep escape!

I grieve to leave the splendid seats
Of Teamor's ancient fame!
Mansion of heroes, now farewell!
Adieu, ye sweet retreats,
Where the fam'd hunters of your ancient vale,
Who swell'd the high heroic tale,
Were wont of old to dwell!
And you, bright tribes of sunny streams, adieu!
While my sad feet their mournful path pursue,
Ah, well their lingering steps my grieving soul proclaim!

Receive me now my ship!—hoist now thy sails,
To catch the favouring gales.
O Heaven! before thine awful throne I bend!
O let thy power thy servants now protect!
Increase of knowledge and of wisdom lend,
Our course, through every peril to direct;
To steer us safe through ocean's rage,
Where angry storms their dreadful strife maintain;
O may thy power their wrath assuage!
May smiling suns, and gentle breezes reign!

Stout is my well-built ship, the storm to brave,
Majestic in its might,
Her bulk tremendous on the wave,
Erects its stately height!
From her strong bottom, tall in air
Her branching masts aspiring rise;
Aloft their cords, and curling heads they bear,
And give their sheeted ensigns to the skies;
While her proud bulk frowns awful on the main,
And seems the fortress of the liquid plain!

Dreadful in the shock of fight;
She goes—she cleaves the storm!
Where ruin wears its most tremendous form
She sails exulting in her might!
On the fierce necks of foaming billows rides,
And through the roar
Of angry ocean, to the destined shore
Her course triumphant guides;
As though beneath her frown the winds were dead,
And each blue valley was their silent bed!

Through all the perils of the main
She knows her dauntless progress to maintain!
Through quicksands, flats, and breaking waves,
Her dang'rous path she dares explore;
Wrecks, storms, and calms, alike she braves,
And gains, with scarce a breeze, the wish'd-for shore!
Or in the hour of war,
Fierce on she bounds in conscious might,
To meet the promised fight!
While, distant far,
The fleets of wondering nations gaze,
And view her course with emulous amaze,

As like some champion'd son of fame,
She rushes to the shock of arms,
And joys to mingle in the loud alarms,
Impell'd by rage, and fired with glory's flame.

Sailing with pomp upon the watery plain,
Like some huge monster of the main,
My ship her speckled bosom laves,
And high in air her curling ensign waves;
Her stately sides, with polish'd beauty gay,
And gunnel, bright with gold's effulgent ray,

As the fierce griffin's dreadful flight
Her monstrous bulk appears,
While o'er the seas her towering height,
And her wide wings, tremendous shade! she rears.
Or, as a champion, thirsting after fame,
The strife of swords—the deathless name—
So does she seem, and such her rapid course!
Such is the rending of her force;
When her sharp keel, where dreadful splendors play,
Cuts through the foaming main its liquid way,
Like the red bolt of Heaven she shoots along,
Dire as its flight, and as its fury strong!

God of the winds! O hear my pray'r!
Safe passage now bestow!
Soft, o'er the slumbering deep, may fair
And prosperous breezes flow!
O'er the rough rock, and swelling wave,
Do thou our progress guide!
Do thou from angry ocean save,
And o'er its rage preside.

Speed my good ship, along the rolling sea,
O Heaven! and smiling skies, and favourite gales decree!
Speed the high-masted ship of dauntless force,
Swift in her glittering flight, and sounding course!
Stately moving on the main,
Forest of the azure plain!
Faithful to confided trust,
To her promis'd glory just!
Swift from afar,
In peril's fearful hour,
Mighty in force, and bounteous in her power,
She comes, kind aid she lends,
She frees her supplicating friends,
And fear before her flies, and dangers cease.

Hear, blest heav'n my ardent pray'r!
My ship—my crew—O take us to thy care!
O may no peril bar our way!
Fair blow the gales of each propitious day!
Soft swell the floods, and gently roll the tides,
While from Dunboy, along the smiling main
We sail, until the destin'd coast we gain,
And safe in port our gallant vessel rides!

ON THE PROFITS OF FARMING.

Every man about to embark in farming, should make it a fixed rule, not to extend himself more than his capital will admit of; and, above all, he must be cautious that it is not infringed upon towards the payment of his rents; which may, even where the greatest activity and intelligence is brought into play, be sometimes the case, when produce is depreciated. Losses may be compensated for in succeeding seasons; but it seems I think pretty generally allowed that *great* profits are not now to be made, more particularly in the tillage way.

If the *agriculturist* deducts all his expenses, keeping an account for five years, to enable him to have an average, (which is the only fair way,) it is more than probable he will find that his profits will not return sufficient compensation. Some few, under advantageous circumstances, such as good markets, and a few successive good years, may think otherwise; but experience will show that reverses may come about and reduce their profits.

Trade and commerce are much more likely methods of attaining wealth than agriculture; and Great Britain, if solely an agricultural country, could not have attained the rank she now holds among nations. However, as agriculture and commerce generally go hand in hand, if she had

not attained the first rank as to one, she probably never would have attained it as to the other.

Grazing, however, has many advantages over tillage, being attended with less expense, and money is often made by trading in cattle and quick transfers. Many of those farmers or graziers, who are now wealthy, having laid the foundation of their wealth in this way.—Buying and selling of stock with judicious speculation has often added considerably to a small capital.

It may however, be asserted, with little risk of contradiction, that no embarkment of capital, generally speaking, affords less profit than farming. The man who follows the plough is he who can live best by tillage; and, in Ireland, where, from want of sufficient employment, agricultural labour is at the lowest value, the peasant and small landholder may follow it to advantage comparatively, at least so far as regards labour.

Tillage may be combined with grazing, to a certain extent, advantageously, but extensive tillage will not, in this country, at least, afford adequate remuneration. The farmer who is embarked in both branches, if he means to manage matters well, and with even tolerable success, must give his time almost wholly and perseveringly up to it. He must be experienced and reflective, and, if he is endowed with a little foresight, so much the better. There is no business in which it is more necessary to regulate matters so as that one operation shall not delay or interfere with another, so as that none may be neglected, but all perfected in detail. To men of well regulated minds this will come easy, and rural pursuits of all kinds will prove agreeable to those disposed to the study of nature, nor is there any employment better calculated to afford a reasonable degree of human happiness, or more of health to the body, and agreeable occupation to the mind. The strictest attention and economy must be unremittingly kept up; and the prudent man will calculate well before he makes an improvement, whether it will pay him or not, which must in a great measure, depend upon circumstances; such as his term or lease, &c. This will be the more necessary, as there are few who have made any thing like a handsome independence by farming, the most hard-working men often closing a long life in the same, or probably little better circumstances than those in which they began. In short, a livelihood is all that a reasonable man can look to; as to making a fortune, that is now almost entirely out of the question. And if too much in theory or speculation is attempted, he who makes the trial will find his mistake, probably, when too late.

Improvement, nevertheless, in all its branches, must be followed up with strict attention to economy; but unless a man has a fortune at his back sufficient to bear him through, (when he may be at liberty to please himself) let him not be led into whimsical or extravagant expenses; neither should the young man of fortune, on coming to his property, if his mind should turn to agricultural pursuits, deceive himself, by visionary profits, prematurely estimated or anticipated, and which are not to be realized. It is not the wish of the writer, to damp the sanguine expectations of such young men; but there are sedate and reflecting minds, even among such, who will profit as they go along by experience, and take caution from the mistakes of their neighbours; rural pursuits will also become agreeable to such, and a strong inducement to reside in the country, and at the same time afford employment and a livelihood to those about them. Besides to such persons, there is a constant variety in looking after the trees, shrubs, fruits, crops, &c. which they plant and see grow and thrive under their care; and which are presenting themselves, always, under some renewed form, rendering agriculture, planting, and gardening, the most agreeable, and least tiresome, of human pursuits.—*Lambert.*

FINE ARTS.

Historic Sketch of the past and present state of the Fine Arts in Ireland.

[A portion of the following essay has been already published in the Dublin Literary Gazette, but owing to various causes it was never completed. We now, by the permission of the Author, present it to the public in a new and corrected

form—illustrated with characteristic embellishments, from ancient remains.]

The Fine arts properly so called, or the arts of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, have never hitherto, in Ireland, had their chronicle, or indeed, received the slightest aid from the literature of their country. It would be easy to assign probable and sufficient causes for such neglect, but in this place it is enough to state the fact, coupled as it is with its melancholy consequence, that whenever genius of a higher order has appeared among us, and such instances have not been uncommon, we have rarely discovered how it should have been appreciated, till it had fled for ever from our shores.

But brighter prospects appear to be at length opening: great changes have at length taken place in the political world, and if the expected results be realised, as we trust they will, the Fine Arts must participate in the blessing, and their amiable professors see better days. Our minds, no longer engaged in the harrowing broils of political and religious strife, will seek the soft and humanizing enjoyments which the cultivation of the taste can alone impart, and we shall find our reward in the acquisition of a new sense more ennobling to our nature, and more closely allied to the Divinity, than those already enjoyed in common with the lower animals. A green field will be no longer a green field "and nothing more" to us, for we shall have acquired the power of seeing the unspeakable beauty as well as wisdom exhibited in all the works of the Creator; and that beauty cannot fail of entering deep into our souls, and of aiding our exertions to become worthy of a higher state of existence.

The early civilization of Ireland has been a favourite theme with the Irish writers of Milesian origin, for nearly two centuries, while all claims to any removal from utter barbarism, previous to the arrival of the English, have generally been denied with equal warmth by Anglo-Irish and other writers. Prejudices, springing chiefly from political feelings, have equally blinded both sides, and an able and impartial work on the ancient state of Ireland is still a desideratum. We may smile at the description of the "Architectonical magnificence" of the Palace of Eamania, erected 354 years before our era, given on the authority of a Bardic writer in the magniloquent pages of O'Connor, or laugh outright at the visionary O'Halloran's account of the sculptured effigies on the tombs of the Pagan Kings at the Royal Cemetery of Cruchan, derived from the poem of Torna Égeas, a bard of the fourth century. The very passages cited, so far from being evidence for the circumstances they relate, are only stubborn proofs of the comparatively modern manufacture of the poems in which they occur. Yet we are not rashly to infer that the ancient Irish must necessarily have been savage, because enthusiastic writers have endeavoured to prove them civilized on insufficient data. Let us look at the other side, and we shall find the charges of ignorance and barbarism resting on no better foundation. One or two examples will suffice. "There is at this day," says Sir William Petty, "no monument or real argument, that when the Irish were first invaded, they had any stone housing at all, any money, any foreign trade, nor any learning but the legend of the Saints, Psalter, Missals, Rituals, &c.; viz. no Geometry, Astronomy, Anatomy, Architecture, Engineering, Painting, Carving, nor any kind of Manufacture, nor the least use of Navigation, or the Art military." We cannot laugh at this tirade, for we confess we have some drops of Milesian blood in our veins, but in Sir William's own style, we shall for the present observe, that we have abundant monuments and real arguments to prove that the above remarks, as applied by him to the period immediately preceding the arrival of the English, are a tissue of falsehoods, without any the least admixture of truth. Yet his is moderate language compared with that of the learned but dogmatic John Pinkerton. "The contest," he observes, "between those Irish writers and the literati of Europe, is the most risible in the world. The former say, their country was highly civilized, had letters and academies as the Greeks and Romans. The latter say, the Greeks we know, and the Romans we know, but who are ye? Those Greeks and Romans pronounce you not only barbarous, but utterly savage. Where are your authorities against this? In the name of science, of argument, of common sense, where are the slightest marks of ancient civilization among you? Where are ruins of cities? Where inscriptions? Where ancient coins? Where is the least trace of ancient art or science in your whole island? The old inhabitants of your country, the wild Irish, the true Milesian breed, untainted with Gothic blood, we